



the NATIVE VOICE



OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE NATIVE BROTHERHOOD OF BRITISH COLUMBIA, INC.

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The British Commonwealth of Nations
Mourns the Passing of Our
Beloved Dowager Queen,
Her Majesty Queen Mary

WHERE THE SONGHEES BUCK ATE CLAMS

Today's Indian Seeks Equality As Citizen

A Songhees brave picks a clam from the hot rocks of the cooking fire on the beach near his dugout canoe. He burns his fingers, mutters a guttural to the woman putting more clams on the stones, casts a weather eye over the inlet and wonders when he can reach the white man's ship to trade his winter's cache of furs.

That is a picture anthropologists might draw of Vancouver's inner harbor scene 125 years ago.

A few yards distant from the cooking fire site and a century and a quarter later, a young man from the Tsimshian tribe, whose forebears ate salmon on the banks of the Naas, rose to address the white man. He stood in a hall finished in marble and graced with frescoes. His hearers were the men and women chosen by British Columbians to make their laws.

This week, Frank Calder, Canada's only Indian MLA, no stranger to the provincial legislature—a young man who looks a little like Edward G. Robinson in finer lines—made the conventional Indian jokes to the white man. All land in the province belonged to the Indians. And the Indians weren't getting rent on the property occupied by the Parliament Buildings.

But the young man from Atlin, first elected in 1949 and returned last June, had more on his mind than old jokes.

He had an appreciation for British Columbia's advanced treatment

of the native people. He wished that the province might take over Indian affairs and administer them more progressively than the federal department has done. And he had a vision of Indians entering a new estate, matured by self-government in their own communities and ready to take their places as full citizens of Canada.

Frank Calder was not merely dreaming. His viewpoint and the general program he has in mind are shared by others who have studied the Indian question.

There is a simple solution to their problem. Indians can acquire equality in citizenship with their fellow Canadians by becoming enfranchised. By that procedure they give up their special privileges as Indians and accept the full responsibilities of other citizens. Some have taken that step. Their numbers are few. The solution enfranchisement offers is an oversimplification. It does not take into consideration many of the complexities of Indian psychology and tradition.

Frank Calder appreciates that point. He knows, too, that the Provincial Government cannot step in to take over Indian affairs. They lie within the jurisdiction of the Federal Government. His suggestion that B.C. assume control was more a tribute to the province for its treatment of his people than a practical proposal at this time.

But his suggestion of self-government leading to conversion of tribal reservations and villages into official municipalities is practical. At Metlakalta the Indians are in the process of making that transition. Other communities are moving in the same direction.

Liberalization of the Indian Act by the Federal Government last year helped to remove the discrimi-

nations practiced against the Indian. He may now drink in a beer parlor—a privilege of doubtful value in itself, but a partial removal of bars previously erected against him. Under certain conditions and subject to a number of years' residence, he may qualify for land ownership on the reserve itself—personal ownership which vests in him the title to his home and lot.

But the Indian on the reserve is still a protected person. He is allowed income tax exemption on any money he earns on the reserve. School costs for his children are paid by the Federal Government. And he is not entitled to serve a social drink at home or buy hard liquor.

On the reservation the Indian is still a ward. He is not yet his own man. To some of the older members of bands, that wardship is desirable in as much as it protects their inheritance and carries certain privileges. At the same time it restricts the individual's development as a person equal in status to his fellow Canadians of other racial origins.

Mr. Calder was voicing a positive belief when he expressed conviction that more self-government in their own communities would bring Indians closer to the ultimate goal of responsible citizenship.

No definite assurance can be given on that point. Nor does the appeal for greater understanding and sympathy—for greater latitude to the Indian—reply to critics who say the Indian can't expect to have it both ways—enjoying the special privileges of his people and receiving full citizenship status as well.

At the same time Mr. Calder's suggestion offers the promise of gradual emergence for his people

We apologize deeply for having left out this month's installment of "Tecumseh and the War of 1812." This interesting history will be resumed in our April issue, which will be out earlier than usual.

from the discriminations and second-class citizenship enforced upon them. His is the voice of the younger Indians—the people who have been raised in our schools and who want to move out into the 20th century society the white man has brought to their land. The degree to which they are preparing themselves for acceptance is reflected in Mr. Calder. He speaks as an equal to colleagues who have been chosen by British Columbians to make their laws.

The conception of the Indian today is a far cry from that of a few generations ago. The Indian is growing up. He wants more opportunity to grow.—A. H. S.

—Victoria Times.

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Thanks For Help

Bella Coola, B.C.

Sirs,—In memory of Oscar Snow, who was wrecked and drowned near Bella Bella, I want to thank the good Christian people of Bella Bella for their great sympathy in our loss, and to thank the boys who let out their boats for the search party. Also thanks to Chief Charlie Moody Humchit for his help. We cannot say enough, but thanks again.

—Mr. and Mrs. David Snow and family.

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Life of Bella Coola's Chief Sam Pootlas

By ANDY SCHOONER, Bella Coola

ONE morning in January, 1881, on the banks of the Bella Coola River which flows swiftly down from mighty mountain ranges into the sea in a smoke house situated on these banks a thin cry pierced the morning hour; this was the arrival into this world of Sam Pootlas.

He grew up in this smokehouse and was subjected to all the native ways of training a future chief. He could hardly walk when he was already taught the intricate patterns of the native chief ceremonial dances, not only by his father but also by his uncle.

Already then he showed the wonderful makings of a kind heart, for he took a keen interest and delight in helping the older people in their fishing and all the other ways of livelihood. Thus through his kindness he absorbed all the wisdom gained through the centuries by his people at an early age.

This again proves the fact that God has never left Himself without a witness even among His people of this northern hemisphere, for Sam Pootlas, through his industry and kindness showed the way of Christ in serving, whereas those who were lazy and indifferent lagged far behind.

Sam Pootlas was ready for any opportunity in well-doing and in advancement of his people and himself. His father passed away in 1901. He was then 20 years old.

The general opinion of the people then was that Sam Pootlas' uncle (the chief's brother) ought to be chief, as they thought Sam was too young.

But one of the wise councillors of the band stood up and remarked that as times were changing then, it would be all to the good to have a young chief, and that they were fortunate in having so well-equipped a young man for that position. Furthermore, this would give a chance for a long reign of profitable experience.

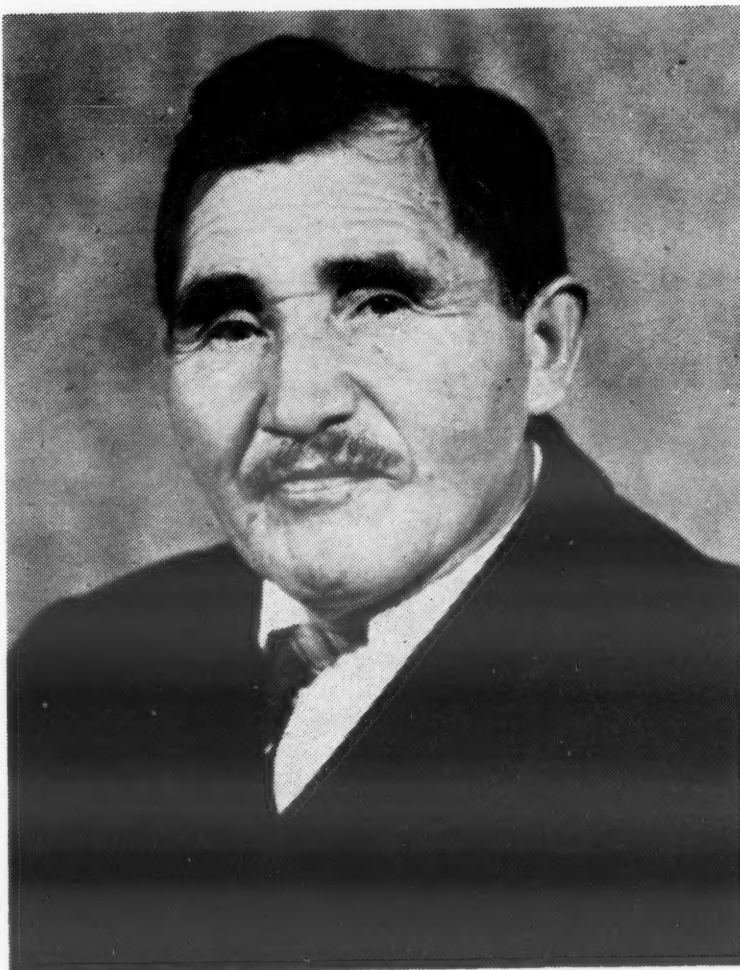
So he was made chief and he was widely known for his prowess in being able to make numerous big potlatches, calling many outside villages to whom he was host, such as Rivers Inlet, Smiths Inlet and Bella Bella.

There is in the minds of the old people no other chief along the coast who put on such magnificent shows of prowess, such as breaking up a copper insignia which cost approximately \$4000 and giving the pieces to other chiefs. He also gave away one time \$4000 cash on such an occasion.

There would be a week of dancing, many of them secluded from the public eye, curtailed off and only open to close relations and chiefs. All these days Sam would feed this gathering.

However, this kind of life did not altogether satisfy Sam Pootlas. He saw among his own people some who found the Saviour and became members of the Methodist Church. He spoke of his convictions to Reuben Schooner, who was one of the church members. His keen eye had detected the difference in life, and so he said to his old friend, "I am going to quit all this and go the new way."

This was in 1919, and from that day to the day of his death Sam



THE LATE CHIEF SAM POOTLAS

Pootlas followed the way of the great Master who came into this world to minister to and serve others to seek and to save that which was lost. He truly led his people the upward way of service, leading them to cut logs and selling them, building a hall for community purposes.

Always proving himself a great help to the resident missionary, he helped take down the church and build a bigger one, not only with his hands (1934), but also with his money. The day of the Potlatch being over, he used his time and money for more constructive purposes.

A TERRIBLE flood in 1936 caused the people to move to the other side of the river. All the houses had to be taken down or moved, and now this big church presented a problem.

Sam Pootlas could not somehow bring himself to take this new and big church apart. So, talking it over with his people, he hired two big caterpillar tractors, spending again a good deal of his own money.

There never was a happier man in all the world than Sam Pootlas when the church stood safely in its new place.

His people safely settled, the church occupying its new place. It was time to build a new hall. Blueprints were sent for. It was a big hall. The people all thought it did cost too much. Not so Sam Pootlas. And so today there stands

as another monument to his prowess Noohalk Hall, the biggest hall in the valley, perhaps on the whole coast.

He always helped his people in new enterprises.

Once Andy Schooner, son of Reuben Schooner, began to organize a band. He did not notify the chief, but each member that entered the band was assessed \$35. As soon as the chief heard it, he came in and paid his \$35, although he was not a member of the band, and then made them a present of another \$100.

Along the coast there was no greater man than Sam Pootlas in the previous organization called the Allied Tribes.

Whenever a letter came for some needed cash cash donation, or bill to be paid, he never asked the people, but stepped forward and put in his own money. Then the others would follow his example and the need was supplied.

In 1935, Chief Sam Pootlas heard of a convention being held by an organization called the "Native Brotherhood." He could not leave at that time, it being the 24th of May. So he sent Andy Schooner to find out all about it.

When Andy made his report that this was a Christian organization, he said "We'll join it." And he paid the charter out of his own pocket.

Later on, when this organization was in a precarious position financially, Sam Pootlas presented them

with \$1000 in cash. And he always supported this organization at every opportunity.

His one wish was that the Brotherhood would continue even after his death to be a servant to all native peoples and not to ever break up.

ONE of his most esteemed positions was in the church as an elder. He welcomed Dr. Bunt, the superintendent of missions, and the late Dr. Rodden, then president of the Conference in the year 1946.

On that occasion he made an address of which part is recorded in the Year Book of the United Church of Canada:

"Many years ago the missionary came among us to teach us by his words and show us by his life the way of God. Many of us changed our way of life, but it was not always easy. In time we learned that the way of God is the true way for all men all over the world, and we still believe it is the best way for our people.

"Because the Church teaches us the way of God, we thank it for all it has done to bring us the 'Good News.' We would say to you the task is not yet done and the time is not yet come for us to stand entirely alone. We are still learning, and we need the help and the prayers of good people.

"We pray that in God's good time from our own people shall come a young man to be our missionary, young women to be nurses and teachers of our people."

So spoke a great leader of our church and his words will live forever. Therefore the superintendent of missions sent a telegram: "Kindly convey to bereaved family of late Chief Pootlas my deepest personal sympathy; also that of the United Church of Canada. Would also express to Bella Coola people my sincere appreciation of Christian character and noble life of Chief. May all villages follow the example of this good man."

No wonder then that his funeral was the biggest this valley has ever seen. The Bella Bella people, long friends and admirers of the late Chief, came over the 70 miles of water 63 strong, bringing with them their excellent choir, taking full charge of the funeral to help their brethren in distress.

They were warmly welcomed and quartered among them in the village. When it was evident that the church would not hold all the people, our own people decided to stay outside and let all others in first.

The church and annex held about 350 people. Many of our people, about 150, stayed outside during the one and one-half-hour impressive service, during which Sam Pootlas' son Alex was received as the future chief by the Bella Coola and Bella Bella people.

The Bible of his father was presented to him during this service as he stood before the coffin of his father.

The funeral procession was about one mile long, more than 200 people being present at the cemetery.

He leaves behind one brother, one sister, one son, two daughters, 30 grandchildren, 14 great-grandchildren, many other relatives, and a great host of friends among native people and others.



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Citizens, Not Wards

THE Association on American Indian Affairs, March 3, hailed as "one of the most important Indian decisions handed down in many years," the United States District Court decision that disabled reservation Indians are constitutionally entitled to the same social security payments that are due other citizens. The decision of United States District Judge Henry A. Schweinhaut, published March 2, condemned as unconstitutional and illegal a social security benefit program for disabled persons, proposed by the Arizona Legislature, which excluded from its scope "any person of Indian blood while living on a federal Indian reservation."

"This is a milestone in Indian progress towards full enjoyment of American citizenship," said Oliver LaFarge, President of the Association on American Indian Affairs, Inc.

The United States District Court for the District of Columbia held, in finally dismissing Arizona's suit against Federal Security Administrator Oveta Culp Hobby:

"I think the Administrator could not, constitutionally, or under the terms of the statute, itself, probably for that matter, approve a plan predicated, as it is, upon the present statute of Arizona in this matter."

Felix S. Cohen, counsel for the Association on American Indian Affairs, Inc., said:

"Following closely upon the decision of the California Superior Court on February 3, that the County of San Diego may not lawfully exclude reservation Indians from county relief, the Federal Court decision marks the end of an era when Indians were treated by many state and county authorities as 'wards of the Federal Government' and not citizens of the states in which they reside."

The argument of Arizona, presented by the State's Assistant Attorney General Kent Blake, was that reservation Indians were wards of the Federal Government and therefore not entitled to state aid. The Apache and Hualapai Tribes of Arizona and the Association on American Indian Affairs, represented by their attorney, Felix S. Cohen, argued, on the contrary, that Indians are full citizens of the nation and of the state in which they reside, and that any discrimination against them is forbidden by the "equal protection" clause of the Fourteenth Amendment. Assistant U.S. Attorney Ross O'Donoghue joined in characterizing the Arizona statute as "class legislation."

Judge Schweinhaut, in questioning Arizona counsel, summed up the Federal Government's position in turning down Arizona's proposed discriminatory plan, in these words:

"... Federal Government says: No, no. I won't go for that. They are our people and they are your people, whether they live on the reservation or live off the reservation, and they get just as old as other people do. Sure, my conscience hurts; that is why I am doing certain things for them. But yours ought to hurt too. So we either are in this together for them as well as the other people, or we are not in it at all."

Arizona's attempt to discriminate against Indians represents the rearguard action of a retreating idea, according to the Association on American Indian Affairs. The other 47 states of the union have now entirely abandoned discrimination against Indians in social security. Arizona itself abandoned discrimination against Indian voters in August, 1948, and New Mexico followed suit a few weeks later. Both these Southwestern states in 1949

Your Canadian Red Cross

By BIG WHITE OWL
Eastern Associate Editor

The Canadian Red Cross Society has found it necessary in 1953 to appeal to the people of Canada for \$5,310,600. This represents an increase of only 1.7 percent over the 1952 objective of \$5,222,000. In view of the nation-wide trend of rising costs this is a very nominal increment.

The approved gross budget for 1953 amounts to \$7,328,585, which has been reduced by the estimated revenue of \$2,017,981 from income-producing services, such as outpost hospitals and nursing stations, various credits, grants and donations expected to be received for specific purposes.

This budget is determined by combining the requirements of the 10 provincial divisions of the society, embracing some 1300 branches for all services provided by the society. The consolidated divisional budgets, along with that for the national office, are submitted to an independent budget committee of financial experts appointed by the central council of the society. After careful consideration of the budget committee's recommendations, the Central Council approved of a national objective of \$5,310,600 as the minimum net requirement to carry on the society's work in 1953.

ADMINISTRATION

It is a well-known fact that 97 per cent of all Red Cross work in Canada is accomplished by volunteers. But there must be, as in any kind of business, a trained permanent staff to plan and co-ordinate the work of the volunteers. This is especially necessary where employees with a professional status are required in such highly-technical projects as the Blood Transfusion Service, Outpost Hospitals and Nursing Stations, etc. The administration of a gross budget of \$7,328,585 requires an administrative staff similar to any large organization involved in such a large and active enterprise.

INSTRUCTIONAL SERVICES

The swimming and water safety programme continues to be a very popular service of the society in many centres and is a vital factor in the reduction of Canada's drowning toll. Last year (1952) 4429 classes gave life-saving instruction to 35,740 persons of all ages. At the same time 29,086 people quali-



BIG WHITE OWL
Eastern Associate Editor

fied in swimming and water safety. A highly-commendable work of many instructors is the teaching of the blind and the handicapped to swim.

The Canadian Red Cross also provides first aid instruction, home-maker and home nursing services all across the nation.

HOSPITAL, MEDICAL, NURSING SERVICES

Canada's steadily-increasing population is making new demands on all Red Cross services under this category. During 1952 more than 90,000 individuals received treatment from Red Cross nurses in 72 outpost hospitals and nursing stations in the remote and sparsely-settled areas of this country.

More than 4000 babies were delivered and some 6000 surgical operations were performed. To provide these services the society employed more than 200 trained nurses. In certain outlying areas of Ontario and Quebec, mobile dental units were provided.

Continued Next Month

Notice to Readers

This is to notify all Indians that the Publisher of the Native Voice is no longer a member or Director of Totemland. I have tendered my resignation as follows:

"Mr. Harry Duker,
Secretary Totemland,
Vancouver, B.C.

Dear Sir:

Please accept my resignation as a member of Totemland. Thanking you for past courtesies and with all good wishes.

Yours truly,

MAISIE A. C. HURLEY,
Publisher Native Voice.

abandoned their policy of excluding Indians from social security rolls.

In each of the voting, social security, and relief cases, attorney Felix S. Cohen represented the Indians concerned or the Association on American Indian Affairs, Inc.

The salient point is, however, that each of these advances was won through court action, undertaken by the Indians themselves through attorneys of their own choosing.

Bill Short Heads U.S. Indian Congress

The Native Voice considers it a privilege to present the following exclusive autobiography (in brief, of course) of a noted United States Indian leader. He is Bill Short, newly elected president of the National Congress of American Indians, and his story is in the form of a letter to Harold Waltermeyer of Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Bill Short is a Chickasaw of Davis, Oklahoma.

I find it a little difficult to write about myself, but, looking back through the past and realizing the changes made in this country and the attitude and customs of the people now, and when I was growing up, I realize that probably my generation is the last one of the old pioneers who have seen the changes of cooking on fireplace and campfires to the modern gas and cooking ranges, and from wide-open ranges to the modern farms of Oklahoma as of today, and when you can now travel in an hour's time what took us two to three days to cover the same distance.

I was born in 1887 in the Commanche, Kiowa and Apache country of the then Indian Territory. My father was foreman (over Suggs Brothers' ranch, who for years held a grazing lease over this vast area) and talked Commanche fluently, and who was a good friend of Quanah Parker and Geronimo and all the leading tribesmen of these three tribes who were then held as prisoners of war at Fort Sill, Okla.

I knew Quanah and Geronimo well when I was a boy, and I have given Geronimo candy through the bars of his cell several times while he was in prison at old Fort Sill.

There was not a house in this whole country at that time, except one store, called the Red Store, Fort Sill and Suggs' Ranch headquarters. The Indians' teepees dotted the prairies.

We moved to now Dougherty, Oklahoma, in the Chickasaw Nation. I started to the Chickasaw Indian school in 1895, finishing there in 1904.

After finishing school I left home and went to Ardmore, Oklahoma, seeking employment, finding none, but was able to figure out a way to survive by driving the townspeople's milk cows to pasture in the morning and returning them in the evening.

Finding I had time on my hands, I decided to enter Selvidge Business College in Ardmore, majoring in business and banking, and was able to pay my way through school by driving these cows back and forth before and after school.

After finishing school, Mr. Selvidge got me a job as bookkeeper in the First National Bank at Norman, Oklahoma.

Taking a letter of introduction from him, I went to Norman and

presented the letter to the cashier of the bank. After he introduced me around, I looked at these people working in cages. This was the first bank I had ever seen where the tellers and bookkeepers worked in cages.

I left the bank to go to the hotel but decided I could not spend my life working in these cages, as they looked like jail bars and confinement to me. I caught the next train back to Ardmore.

About a week after returning to Ardmore there was a wild west show in town. I joined up as a bronco and trick rider and was with this show the season of 1905.

I farmed in 1906 and 1907 and went to Southern California, where I worked the winter of 1907 and 1908 hauling freight in the Imperial Valley of Southern California. I drove eight and ten spans of mules with jerkline and always had one or two trail wagons.

I then went to Arizona, where I punched cattle for two years. There we washed our own clothes and shod our own horses and had to break our own mounts. The cattle and horses were wild, and the custom was the cowboys all wore sixshooters.

Coming home to Davis, where I have lived ever since, I went to work for a man who owned a bank and a general credit mercantile store. I worked for him four years collecting for the store and bank, and managing his two ranches and making trips each spring to the western states buying horses for him. This was a good education for me.

While going to the Indian school at Tishomingo (Indian Territory), now Oklahoma (the school was only a mile and a half from our Chickasaw capital), I would spend my Saturdays when our Chickasaw Legislature was in session listening to the senators and legislators making their speeches from the floor of the Senate and the House, and I have never since heard any more wonderful oratory than from these full-blood Chickasaw Indians.

Our Chickasaw tribe had a Governor and two Houses of the Legislature.

My present wife's grandfather, Cyrus Harris, a full-blood, was the first Chickasaw Governor. My grandfather on my mother's side, Thomas W. Johnson, a half-blood



W. W. "BILL" SHORT
President, National Congress
of American Indians.

Chickasaw, was national secretary to the Governor after the Chickasaws came to the Indian Territory from Mississippi.

Our Chickasaw people were industrious and prosperous under our tribal form of government, but since statehood our full-blood people have lost their pride and self-confidence and have gone backward instead of progressing.

I have been in the farming, stock raising, real estate and oil business till the present time.

In 1932 Oklahoma pioneered in the oil and gas conservation. I started with this department when it was created and worked in the field as an oil and gas conservation officer, resigning in 1950. This was interesting and constructive work.

All my life I have been interested in Indians and their welfare and helped the Indians in their problems at every opportunity.

I raised three children and put them through college—two girls and one boy. My son, W. W. Jr., is Lt.-Col. and now stationed in the Far East Air Force headquarters in Tokyo.

I am now in a more or less re-

tired status and am trying to do my bit in helping the Indians of my tribe and this nation in bringing about better living conditions, education and a better understanding between them and the white people and the government.

I knew Will Rogers well. In 1903 Teddy Roosevelt was campaigning for vice-president. He spoke in Oklahoma City. The Rough Riders of the Indian Territory gave a steer-roping or rodeo and chuck wagon feed for him in the State Fair grounds in Oklahoma City.

There was a cowboy parade from downtown to the fair grounds. My father roped and I was in the parade. Will Rogers and his cousin were there and they both roped steers.

Will's cousin was a Cherokee named Joe Bengé. They had an old chuck wagon feed, and Teddy ate with us cowboys.

Later I joined this wild west show in Ardmore. Joe Bengé and two other Cherokee boys from Claremore, Oklahoma, were with the show. Joe Bengé was like a father to me. They called me the "Ardmore Kid."

My younger brother and I practiced a lot with the sixshooter. We got where we could empty our guns hitting a tree six to eight inches through from 50 to 100 feet from a horse running full speed.

It is wonderful that people like you are going to the trouble to find out about the social and political problems of the Indians. If all the people knew the truth about these Indian problems it would hasten the day that the Indians would take their rightful place in the white man's society.

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ALBERNI NOTES

By JOY CLUTESI

We are again bringing you the news of our people and town.

On February 8 Rev. Mr. McKenzie baptized 12 children at our own little church known as "The Church of the Singing People." It was a very nice service and well attended.

We usually have 30 children attend the Sunday School.

Another special occasion was the Valentine party put on by the Ladies' Club for the boys and girls of the two bands (reserves). There were at least 75 boys and girls. We had two big tables for bingo and lots of nice prizes. Chief Adam Shewish called out the numbers. We sure had lots of fun. After the bingo the mothers served tea and sandwiches and cakes. We also had several duets over the microphone by the little girls. They were all very good. It was a wonderful evening for everyone. I hope we have more parties like it in the future.

We have been asked again to participate in the Annual Folk Festival in April. So I'll have something really interesting then for you.

We are sorry to hear that Nelson Kitlah is in Nanaimo Hospital. He was attending the Naramata School since September. We all hope you get well real soon, Nelson, and carry on your studies. You are setting a good example for us young ones.

On March 11 we had a visit from Dr. Kelly of Nanaimo. There were over 30 present and we had a very interesting discussion concerning the church.

After the meeting Dr. and Mrs. Kelly sang a duet, accompanied by Mrs. Clutesi at the organ.

Then Margaret Shewish (the chief's wife) gave tea and sandwiches and cakes, served by the young girls and Miss Middleton.

We have started a young people's night on Thursdays under the leadership of Mr. Everett from the Mission. We are very lucky to have him. He can draw, play any instrument, and sing.

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JOY CLUTESI,
Our Alberni Correspondent

Sechelt Village News

By ARIES

More than 300 Coast Indians paid their last respects at the funeral of Adele Louie Johnny, who died very suddenly at St. Mary's Hospital, Pender Harbour.

Mrs. Johnny was the wife of Louie Johnny, one of the recently-elected councillors of the village; also the mother of two war veterans, one Stanley Louie, who was killed in action, and Albert Louie, who returned to live on the reservation.

She leaves also another son, Victor; a daughter, Louise, in Seattle; her husband, Louie Johnny; and one sister, Mrs. A. Erickson of

Roberts Creek. Reverend Father Royea officiated.

It was a very beautiful ceremony, with six little girls acting as flower girls, Iris Joe, Gladys Joe, Lauris Joe, Violet Jackson, Deanna Louie and Mabel Jackson.

Mrs. Johnny will long be remembered by us all for her sweet, gentle personality.

Old houses are being burnt to the ground—this from a health standpoint—and very modern, attractive houses are going up in their stead. One of the first to move into one is Mr. William Joe,

Lower Kootenay Notes

By L. P. WHITE

Chief Lazuras Louie had a surprise hunting trip February 18. While hunting deer he saw a cougar coming toward him in a deer trail. Well, he shot and killed it.

Saturday night a bunch of school children put on a play at home, which everybody enjoyed. That was on St. Valentine's Day.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Basil and family of two sons lost their home on Saturday night, February 21, on the reservation by a fire in which they lost their brother, Mrs. Isaac Basil's brother, Gabriel Mike of St. Mary's Reservation, son of Mr. and Mrs. Johnnie Mike of St. Mary's.

We celebrated our annual black-tail deer dance last February 1. There were lots of Indians from Bonner's Ferry, Idaho, who came across to take part and enjoyed themselves. The dance lasted all

night. This dance is held annually.

Well, the Kootenay Indians have selected their chiefs and councillors: Chief Lazuras Louie, Lower Kootenay; Chief Alaysius Birdstone for St. Mary's Reservation; and Chief Camille Joseph for Columbia Lake Reservation; Chief Justin Ignatius for Tobacco Plains Reservation. We all hope they are successful during their time.

Well, for our houses: we sure are putting the houses up in record time. We have been working for two weeks so far, and four houses are up. We are starting on the walls inside and outside, putting asbestos siding on the outside and Tensite inside.

As usual, our assistant agent comes down every Tuesday, A. Anderson. Superintendent Indian Agent J. S. Dunn was down Monday looking over our work. There are eight families in the new homes so far. There will be about four families moving in this fall.

Well, it's sure like spring now; it's muddy though. Spring birds are singing now.

Sports: Our boys are playing good hockey the last few games. They beat Spokane Jets twice, Nelsons once, and they are playing Trail Rockets this Saturday night.

son of Clarence Joe, and newly married. It is one of the nicest houses we've seen.

Then the old fruit trees are being burned, new roads are being put through, all gravelled; a bulldozer is generally clearing up in the village, and we expect to see nice lawns and gardens.

With the coming of Black Ball ferries and the steady stream of cars from all parts of Canada and the States, we expect to have something attractive for the tourists.

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Indian Agent Passes Following Retirement

The Native Voice joins the people of Alert Bay in expressing regret and sympathy on the passing late in March, of Indian Agent M. S. Todd, only a few days after his retirement.

Murray S. Todd of 2390 Sixth Street, Burnaby, was Indian Superintendent of the Kwakweth Agency of Alert Bay for 20 years.

Mr. Todd, 62, was born in Burford, Ont., and came west when he was 18. He was wounded when serving with the Yukon Machine Gun Corps in Belgium in World War One.

When he was invalided out of the service he came back to B.C. and returned to the lumber work he left in 1915.

He went to Alert Bay in 1933 to work among the 18 Indian bands that are spread over the north and coastal parts of Vancouver Island.

He made a hobby of collecting items of Indian lore and customs while he was with the Indian department, and when he left, the 2000 he had made his friends presented him with a totem pole.

In 1939 he helped to organize the Alert Bay branch of the Red Cross, of which society both he and his wife were life members.

Mr. Todd is survived by his wife, Myrtle, at home, and a son, Paterson A., Vancouver. A brother, G. Stanley Todd, lives in Vancouver and two other brothers and three sisters live in Ontario.

Concentrate on the Indian

March 17, 1953.
4661 N. Mann Ave.,
Chicago 25, Ill.

Dear Miss Hurley:

It is indeed a pleasure to hear from you so promptly, indicating that you are sincere in your interest in the Indian peoples of this great Union.

It is not only an old story, but a long story completely worn out and threadbare concerning the American Indian. I am disgusted even to listen to that same old junk that this is your country. You are the only true Americans.

When you hear this sort of conversation, look out! They are looking for something.

When they talk on brotherhood of America, look out, and be on guard.

We are never to be fooled again. We are now educated and alert from the trickery and hypocrisy of the white man. We are in the middle, referring to the white and black race, as the black race are prejudiced toward us through our recognition in the government.

The white man is envious toward us because we now are educated, and are able to combat with them in general.

I don't want to take up too much

of your time, but in my poetry of (Consideration) I wrote:

Kindness is what we live by.
Love is on which we thrive;
But a heart that is forced to eat
poison

Will gradually fade and die.
Think this over and concentrate
on the Indian.

Next week I will write where the Indian came from and why they had different dialects.

With all due respect and honor,
I am,
Chief Wildhorse.

P.S.—I will write a series of articles and you can print them as you see fit.

I will be somewhat busy in the near future, as I am looking for an appointment in Washington. I pray God that I do. Then we will see. If you have the opportunity to come this way, be sure and let me know. And if you ever care for my photo, possibly to head my article, I will be glad to have one taken in regalia or without regalia. I will do all that I can for your paper, also for you, as I love my people. I had my troubles with Commissioner Myers. He knows me.

Fort George Band Deceived

Shelley, B.C.
Feb. 13, 1953.

Maisie Hurley,
429 Standard Bldg.,
Vancouver, B.C.

I duly received your letter and am extremely glad to hear of your being Indians' friend.

It will give me great delight to think that I have it in my power to be in any way of service to my friend.

Which your diploma is at hand. For I have some time been preparing to point out my experience immediately to you.

This was back 1911, far as I can remember back. It's true Fort George band Indians have sold their reserve to the government for hundred thousand dollars. Fort George band Indians have drew fifty thousand dollars of their honour.

The balance of fifty thousand dollars was promised not to be used, even the government not to draw it, or the Fort George band Indians, too.

But the government has broken its own promise. Fifty thousand dollars, to be used as interest annually.

Which the government promise to Fort George band Indians, were these roads, car, cement street, baseball ground, school teacher. Course the schoolhouse is already built, and still standing, but in poor shape now.

The time reserve was sold, which the old timer still remember yet, are from Shelley Reserve.

George Jeil.
Agent McAllen hired me together all the Indians of their trap line to sign the paper for repairing the buildings at Shelley and Miworth, B.C. Which he have said, the government was broke.

But all the Indians were out trapping; none were home.
Fred Pious.

We were all out in 20 miles from

here, where we call Miworth, B.C. When Agent McAllen came to Shelley, B.C., none of us sign either.

Mrs. Charlie Paul:

To build good roads, school house, school teacher, car, electric light in every house, but never gave us that.

Patrick John.

Us families were out in trapping too. Did even hear of McAllen, came to Shelley, B.C. None of us families sign either!

Henry Dick.

The time the reserve was finish (buildings) we came up by boat call Chilco.

When Agent McAllen put a table in front of the church yard, told us the government has broke to pay the contractors.

So he make us sign paper. Course we were just young generation at that time.

And also Chief Louie was in 20 miles from Shelley, B.C.

When Agent McAllen made the Indian sign the paper. Just the few who were left at home.

I should be glad to see you in person in next month, between the date of 4 and 7, and more news to tell you.

Best wishes for your good business.

Your,

Morris Quaw.

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310 Walberta Road,
Syracuse, N.Y.

Phyllis A. Grisdale,
Secretary, Native Voice.

Looking through my most recent copy of The Native Voice I saw a repetition of what I have been dreading for many months, having noted it at other times also, and praying that it wouldn't influence the editorial policy of your fine paper.

I refer to a complaint from a lady subscriber in B.C. that the "Voice" was becoming "too American." Some of my friends, Indian and white, who also receive your paper, have discussed this with me many times. Here is our belief:

Surely there are enough local newspapers in each section of B.C. to carry any local news of general

interest to everyone. All of our newspapers do. But the Native Voice is unique, being a paper for and about Indians. And all Indians are American Indians, whether they live in Canada, the U.S., Mexico or South America. Everyone born or naturalized in this western hemisphere is an American, regardless of what country he lives in.

And as far as there being Canadian or U.S. Indians, there is the Jay Treaty to stipulate that there is no such thing as a border between Canada and the U.S. as far as Indians are concerned. Every year the anniversary of this important treaty is celebrated by the eastern tribes in a huge border-crossing ceremony at Niagara Falls.

The argument of the subscriber from B.C. reminds me of remarks I have even heard some of the Iroquois in New York State make, referring to visiting Indians from Grand River, Deseronto, Caughnawaga or even St. Regis as "Canadians." Objections have even been raised in councils here in this state when an Iroquois warrior was nominated for a clan chieftainship or other office. From some would come the objection that he was a "Canadian"—as much as to say he was a foreigner!

It is easy to settle this with the Iroquois, though, by asking them if Dekanawidah or Hiawatha had made the U.S.-Canadian borderline. After all, if we were to get technical, Dekanawidah himself, the guiding genius of the Iroquois League, was born in Canada, and a Huron by birth, to boot!

We here are hoping that your policy will be to continue to print whatever news you get of interest to all your subscribers, whether from here, Canada or anywhere else in the world. Indians are Indians, regardless of where they are!

For myself, I know I object personally to having to wade through reports of social teas, parties, etc., that you report from many of the reservations in Canada. I would much rather hear about conditions there, how they are being improved, and news of new elections and chiefs, etc., and what influenced them, and also bits of historical knowledge concerning the various reservations. But I also realize that what you do print is of general interest to most of your subscribers, particularly the local ones, so I have consoled myself.

This, I believe, is probably the first time someone from this side of the white man-created border has spoken on this issue, and especially from so far away. But it is the way I feel, and I am sure that there are many others who feel the same way.

So I beg of you, keep your editorial policy on the same level, printing all Indian news as you get it, regardless of the source, so long as it is interesting reading, and true. My biggest regret is that you don't have more contributors from sections and reservations that you have not heard from yet.

At any rate, keep up your fine work. Your paper is read from beginning to end, every word by more people than you realize, as each copy passes through several hands around here. God bless you and your fine work!

Robert Gabor,
"Sagotaoala."

B.C. Social Worker Wins Top Position



MISS PHYLLIS GRANT

Miss Phyllis Grant, first B.C. social worker in the Department of Indian Affairs, has been promoted by Ottawa as head supervisor for Canada. Ottawa recognized her ability and efficiency in handling a very difficult job of organizing social service among the British Columbia natives.

Her sweet and sympathetic personality won the confidence of the people she worked among and it is seldom one so young (in her 20's) has received so great an honor in being awarded such a responsible position.

After graduating from the University of British Columbia in 1946 with a degree of B.A., and going to the University of Toronto to take course in child psychology, she worked for two years with the John Howard Society in Vancouver, leaving there to work for the Department of Indian Affairs.

The Indian Commissioner for B.C. and all the staff of the Indian Department feel very deeply her loss, while at the same time rejoicing at her promotion, and join with The Native Voice in wishing her every success in her new venture in laying the ground work of social service for the Indians of Canada. They feel with her exceptional talent for organization and her fine qualities that go with it she will succeed.

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